MARVEL
AARON
BARTEL
PÉREZ
WILSON
THE MIGHTY
THOR
#1
AT THE GATES OF
VALHALLA
NICK
DERINGTON

AT THE GATES OF VALHALLA

JANE FOSTER, THE MIGHTY THOR, DIED SAVING THE ASGARDIANS FROM A MONSTER CALLED THE MANGOG. BUT WITH THE COMBINED POWER OF THE ODINSON, ODIN AND THE MOTHER STORM—THE SENTIENT TEMPEST THAT HAD INHABITED MJOLNIR—JANE CAME BACK TO LIFE. NOW SHE HAS A FIGHTING CHANCE AGAINST HER CANCER...AND THE ODINSON HAS A CHANCE AT WORTHINESS AS HE REGAINS HIS MANTLE.

FOR THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A THOR.

THE TOMORROW GIRLS

IN THE FAR FUTURE, THOR RULES ASGARD AND HAS THREE GRANDDAUGHTERS—FRIGG, ELLISIV AND ATLI. THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER.

THE LORD OF THE REALMS

MALEKITH, THE KING OF THE DARK ELVES, AND HIS DARK CABAL ARE WAGING WAR ACROSS THE TEN REALMS, AND WITH THE ASGARDIANS WOUNDED AND SCATTERED, NOW IS HIS TIME TO STRIKE.

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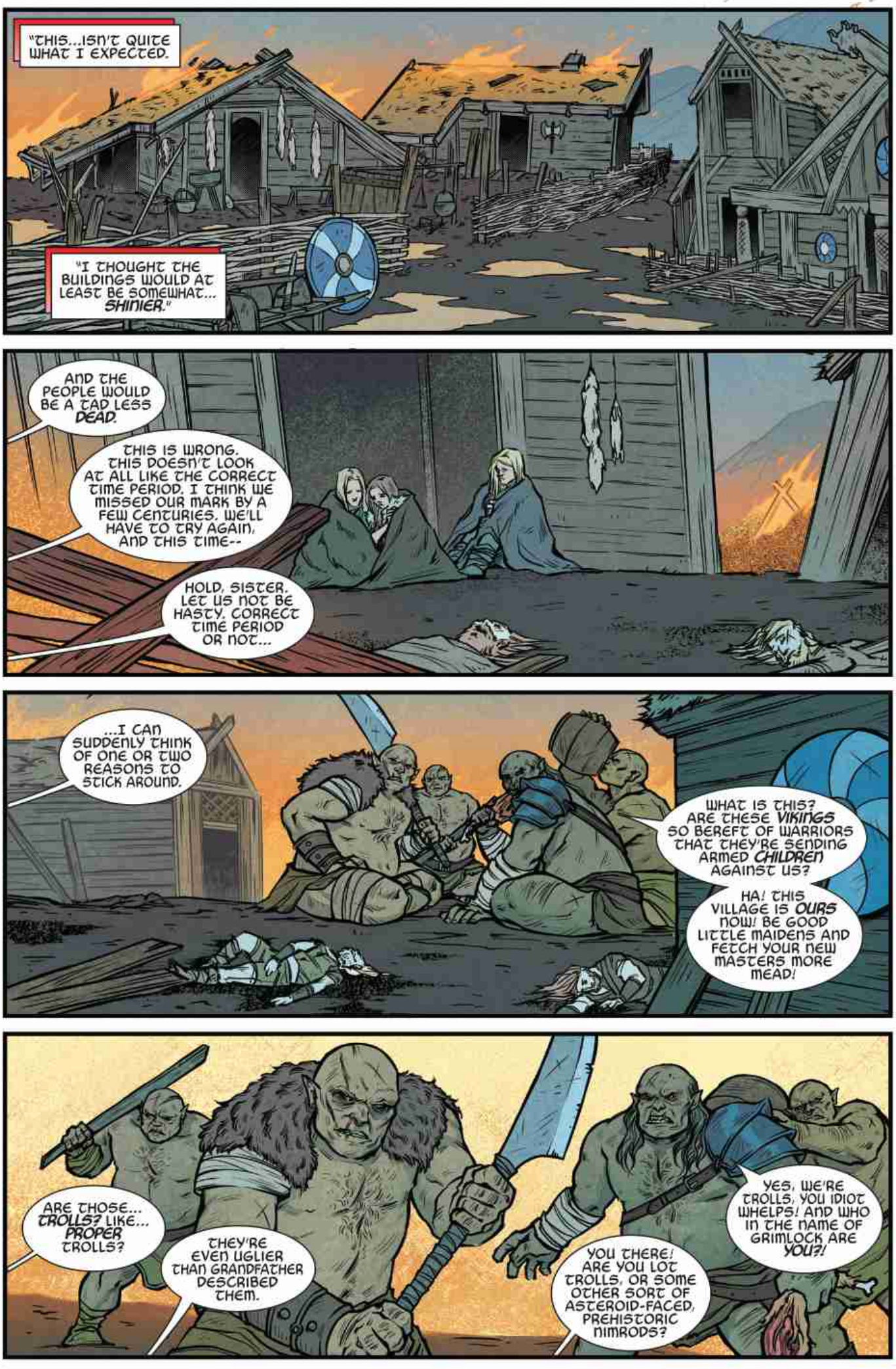
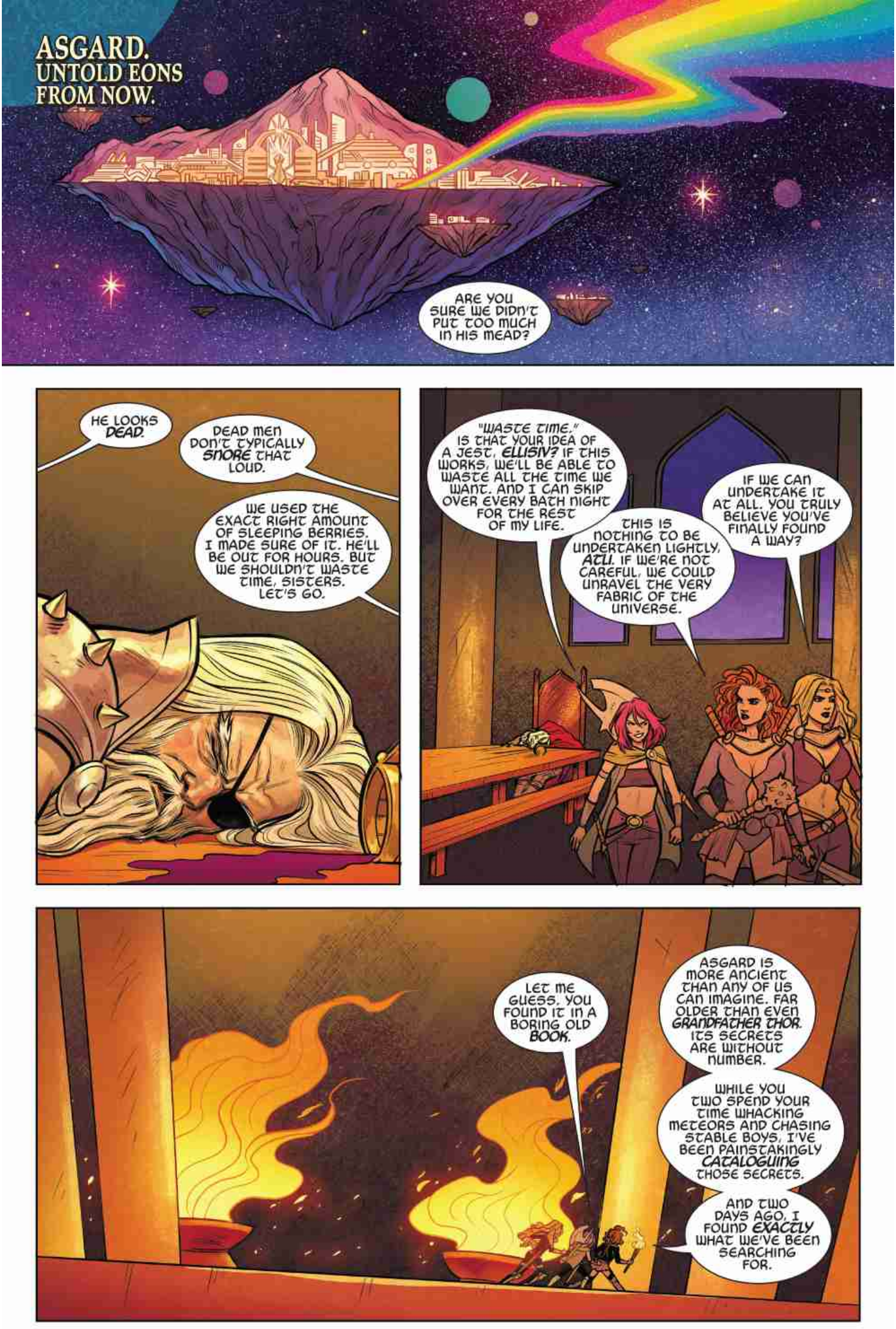
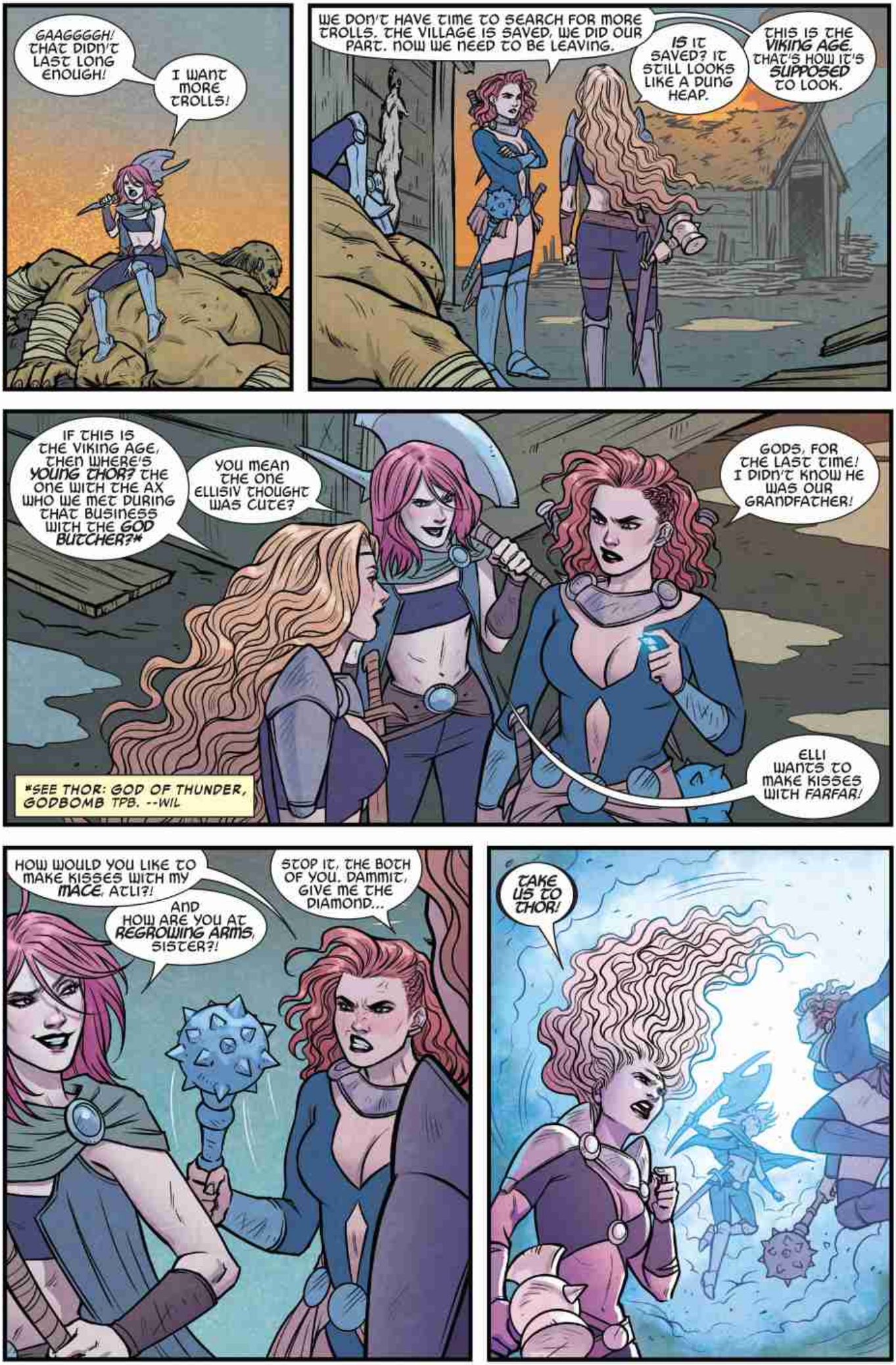

"THIS...ISN'T QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED.
"I THOUGHT THE BUILDINGS WOULD AT LEAST BE SOMEWHAT... SHINIER."
AND THE PEOPLE WOULD BE A TAD LESS DEAD.
THIS IS WRONG. THIS DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL LIKE THE CORRECT TIME PERIOD. I THINK WE MISSED OUR MARK BY A FEW CENTURIES. WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN, AND THIS TIME--
HOLD, SISTER. LET US NOT BE HASTY. CORRECT TIME PERIOD OR NOT...
...I CAN SUDDENLY THINK OF ONE OR TWO REASONS TO STICK AROUND.
WHAT IS THIS? ARE THESE VIKINGS SO BEREFT OF WARRIORS THAT THEY'RE SENDING ARMED CHILDREN AGAINST US?
HA! THIS VILLAGE IS OURS NOW! BE GOOD LITTLE MAIDENS AND FETCH YOUR NEW MASTERS MORE MEAD!
ARE THOSE... TROLLS? LIKE... PROPER TROLLS?
THEY'RE EVEN UGLIER THAN GRANDFATHER DESCRIBED THEM.
YOU THERE! ARE YOU LOT TROLLS, OR SOME OTHER SORT OF ASTEROID-FACED, PREHISTORIC NIMRODS?
YES, WE'RE TROLLS, YOU IDIOT WHELPS! AND WHO IN THE NAME OF GRIMLOCK ARE YOU?!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ABOUT TO MURDER TROLLS! THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE!
THIS IS NOT THE MISSION! WE SHOULD SAVE THIS VILLAGE QUICKLY AND MOVE ON!
RELAX, SISTER. WE'VE JUST TRAVELED A FEW BILLION YEARS INTO THE PAST. WE CAN SPARE A COUPLE MOMENTS.
AND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, MY NEW TROLL FRIEND, WE ARE THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER!
AND WE ARE GOING TO BE SMITING YOU NOW!
HUZZAH FOR SMITING!


ASGARD.
UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.
ARE YOU SURE WE DIDN'T PUT TOO MUCH IN HIS MEAD?
HE LOOKS DEAD.
DEAD MEN DON'T TYPICALLY SNORE THAT LOUD.
WE USED THE EXACT RIGHT AMOUNT OF SLEEPING BERRIES. I MADE SURE OF IT. HE'LL BE OUT FOR HOURS. BUT WE SHOULDN'T WASTE TIME, SISTERS. LET'S GO.
"WASTE TIME." IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF A JEST, ELLISIV? IF THIS WORKS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO WASTE ALL THE TIME WE WANT. AND I CAN SKIP OVER EVERY BATH NIGHT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
THIS IS NOTHING TO BE UNDERTAKEN LIGHTLY, ATLI. IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, WE COULD UNRAVEL THE VERY FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.
IF WE CAN UNDERTAKE IT AT ALL. YOU TRULY BELIEVE YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND A WAY?
LET ME GUESS. YOU FOUND IT IN A BORING OLD BOOK.
ASGARD IS MORE ANCIENT THAN ANY OF US CAN IMAGINE. FAR OLDER THAN EVEN GRANDFATHER THOR. ITS SECRETS ARE WITHOUT NUMBER.
WHILE YOU TWO SPEND YOUR TIME WHACKING METEORS AND CHASING STABLE BOYS, I'VE BEEN PAINSTAKINGLY CATALOGUING THOSE SECRETS.
AND TWO DAYS AGO, I FOUND EXACTLY WHAT WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR.

I DOUBT EVEN THE ALL-GRANDFATHER REMEMBERS THIS ROOM EXISTS.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING UNLESS I SAY SO.
DIAMONDS? WHY WOULD WE NEED SHINY STONES? I CAN MAKE THOSE THINGS MYSELF WITH JUST MY HANDS AND A LUMP OF OLD SMOKE ROCK.
THESE ARE NO NORMAL GEMSTONES, FRIGG.
THESE ARE TIME DIAMONDS. GEMS THAT BEND THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE. ONE OF THE LOST WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.
THE ANCIENT WORLD SURE WAS WEIRD.
SO WHAT DO WE DO? EAT THEM?
WELL...THE SCROLLS I FOUND IN THE ASGARDIAN LIBRARY...DIDN'T MENTION HOW EXACTLY TO ACTIVATE THEM.
BUT IF I WERE TO GUESS... I'D SAY WE JUST TAKE HOLD OF ONE, VERY CAREFULLY, AND ALL TOGETHER THINK OF WHERE WE--
TAKE US TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF THOR!
ATLI, NO! THAT'S NOT--

AND SO...
TROLLS! HOW DID I EVER LIVE THIS LONG WITHOUT TROLLS IN MY LIFE?!
TELL ME I CAN BRING SOME HOME WITH US!
ABSOLUTELY NOT! GODS, I HOPE WE'RE NOT CORRUPTING THE TIMESTREAM JUST BY SMITING THESE THINGS.
WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR OWN TIME, WE'RE LIABLE TO FIND A TROLL SITTING ON THE THRONE OF ASGARD!
WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR OWN TIME, ALL WE'LL FIND IS GRANDFATHER SNORING AWAY.
RELAX, ELLI. IN THIS DAY AND AGE, TROLLS GET SMITED EVERY DAY. JUST NOT USUALLY BY THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER.
ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS, SISTERS.


GAAGGGGH! THAT DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH!
I WANT MORE TROLLS!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO SEARCH FOR MORE TROLLS. THE VILLAGE IS SAVED, WE DID OUR PART. NOW WE NEED TO BE LEAVING.
IS IT SAVED? IT STILL LOOKS LIKE A DUNG HEAP.
THIS IS THE VIKING AGE. THAT'S HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK.
IF THIS IS THE VIKING AGE, THEN WHERE'S YOUNG THOR? THE ONE WITH THE AX WHO WE MET DURING THAT BUSINESS WITH THE GOD BUTCHER?*
YOU MEAN THE ONE ELLISIV THOUGHT WAS CUTE?
GODS, FOR THE LAST TIME! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUR GRANDFATHER!
ELLI WANTS TO MAKE KISSES WITH FARFAR!
*SEE THOR: GOD OF THUNDER, GODBOMB TPB. --WIL
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE KISSES WITH MY MACE, ATLI?!
AND HOW ARE YOU AT REGROWING ARMS, SISTER?!
STOP IT, THE BOTH OF YOU. DAMMIT, GIVE ME THE DIAMOND...
TAKE US TO THOR!

RRRRGGGH!
STUPID! BLASTED! HAMMER!
STILL CAN... BARELY LIFT IT! GARRRRGGH!!!
DIDN'T EVEN GET TO SAVE THAT VIKING VILLAGE FROM TROLLS! SOMEONE ELSE HAD ALREADY THRASHED THEM!
HOW IN THE NAME OF THE GODS AM I SUPPOSED TO BECOME WORTHY OF THIS WRETCHED THING?!
GAAGGGGH!!! DEATH TO ALL HAMMERS!!!
SHOULD WE JUST TELL HIM HOW HE ENDS UP BECOMING WORTHY? IT CERTAINLY WASN'T FROM BATTLING TROLLS.
NO. HE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE THAT OUT FOR HIMSELF.
ALL RIGHT, DIAMOND, LET'S GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME. TAKE US TO SEE...THE FUTURE THOR!

THE 26TH CENTURY? YOU CALL THIS THE FUTURE? THIS THOR IS PRACTICALLY PREHISTORIC!
HE'S NOT RELATED TO US THOUGH, RIGHT? SO WOULD IT BE WEIRD IF ELLISIV MADE OUT WITH HIM?
WHAT THE SCRAG...?
WE HAVE TO GO BACK AGAIN. TO RIGHT BEFORE THAT BUSINESS WITH THE AVENGERS AND THE DARK CELESTIALS.

THAT'S DEFINITELY A CELESTIAL OVER THERE, BUT THESE ARE NO AVENGERS I EVER SAW IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN SMITE THEM?
MORE STRANGE INVADERS FROM THE SKY! STARBRAND AND THE GHOST RIDER WILL DEAL WITH THESE DEMONS!
OOOG!
THIS IS AN ANCIENT ERA! WE NEED THE 21ST CENTURY! WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE THOR OF THE 21ST CENTURY!

RIBBIT.
IT'S KIND OF CUTE. WOULD IT BE RUDE IF I ATE IT?
THAT STUPID DIAMOND IS DEFINITELY BROKEN.
ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE REALLY CONCENTRATE THIS TIME. AND IF WE CAN'T MAKE IT HAPPEN, WE SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GO BACK TO OUR OWN...

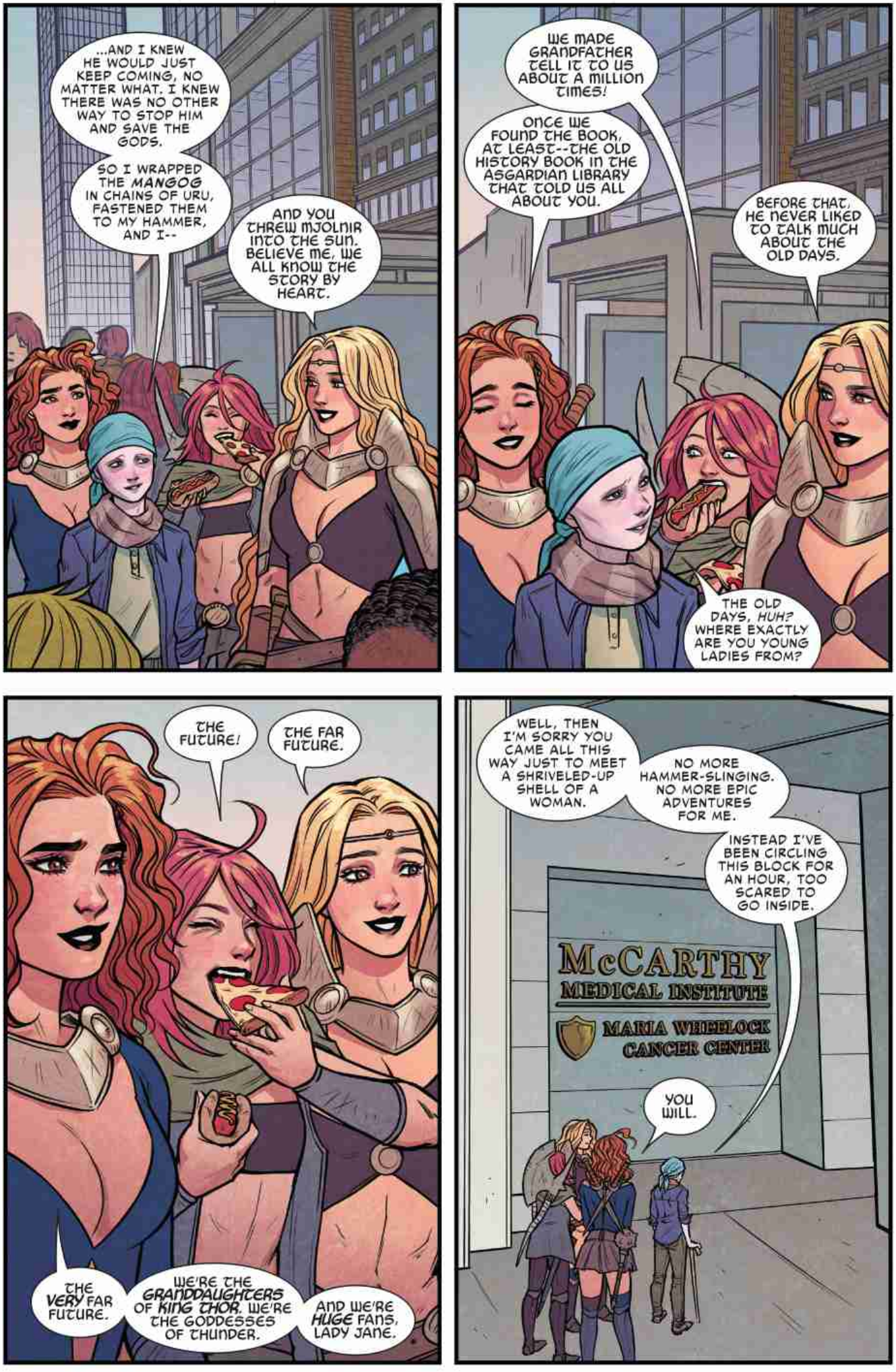
WHERE THE HEL ARE WE NOW?
WE'RE...HOME. I RECOGNIZE THE STARS. BUT...WHERE'S ASGARD? AND WHERE'S...
OH, NO.

GRANDFATHER THOR!
THAT'S LOKI! BUT GRANDFATHER SAID HE WAS DEAD!
AND THAT POWER! THAT LOOKS ALMOST LIKE THE POWER OF...
WE HAVE TO HELP HIM!

NO, WE CAN'T! THIS IS OUR FUTURE! WE SHOULDN'T BE SEEING THIS!
TO HEL WITH THE TIMELINE! HE'S KILLING THOR!
I'M SORRY, GRANDFATHER, BUT WE HAVE TO...

NO!
ELLISIV, WE HAVE TO GO BACK! WE HAVE TO STOP LOKI!
WE CAN'T INTERFERE IN OUR OWN FUTURE, FRIGG, NOT WITHOUT POTENTIALLY DESTROYING THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE!
WHERE THE HEL ARE WE *NOW?* LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DUMP.
THIS ENTIRE TRIP WAS A MISTAKE. I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET YOU TWO TALK ME INTO THIS!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, CAVEMAN?
WE ALL AGREED ON THIS! WE ALL WANTED TO SEE--
UGH.

OH, SORRY. I WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS...
UMM...
SHOULD I KNOW YOU GIRLS FROM SOMEWHERE?
IT'S HER.
IT'S YOU. YOU'RE...
JANE FOSTER.
YOU'RE THE THOR WE CAME TO SEE!
UH, OKAY. WELL, THEN I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, LADIES.
I'M NOT THOR ANYMORE.


...AND I KNEW HE WOULD JUST KEEP COMING, NO MATTER WHAT. I KNEW THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO STOP HIM AND SAVE THE GODS.
SO I WRAPPED THE MANGOG IN CHAINS OF URU, FASTENED THEM TO MY HAMMER, AND I--
AND YOU THREW MJOLNIR INTO THE SUN. BELIEVE ME, WE ALL KNOW THE STORY BY HEART.
WE MADE GRANDFATHER TELL IT TO US ABOUT A MILLION TIMES!
ONCE WE FOUND THE BOOK, AT LEAST--THE OLD HISTORY BOOK IN THE ASGARDIAN LIBRARY THAT TOLD US ALL ABOUT YOU.
BEFORE THAT, HE NEVER LIKED TO TALK MUCH ABOUT THE OLD DAYS.
THE OLD DAYS, HUH? WHERE EXACTLY ARE YOU YOUNG LADIES FROM?
THE FUTURE!
THE FAR FUTURE.
THE VERY FAR FUTURE.
WE'RE THE GRANDDAUGHTERS OF KING THOR. WE'RE THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER.
AND WE'RE HUGE FANS, LADY JANE.
WELL, THEN I'M SORRY YOU CAME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO MEET A SHRIVELED-UP SHELL OF A WOMAN.
NO MORE HAMMER-SLINGING. NO MORE EPIC ADVENTURES FOR ME.
INSTEAD I'VE BEEN CIRCLING THIS BLOCK FOR AN HOUR, TOO SCARED TO GO INSIDE.
McCARTHY
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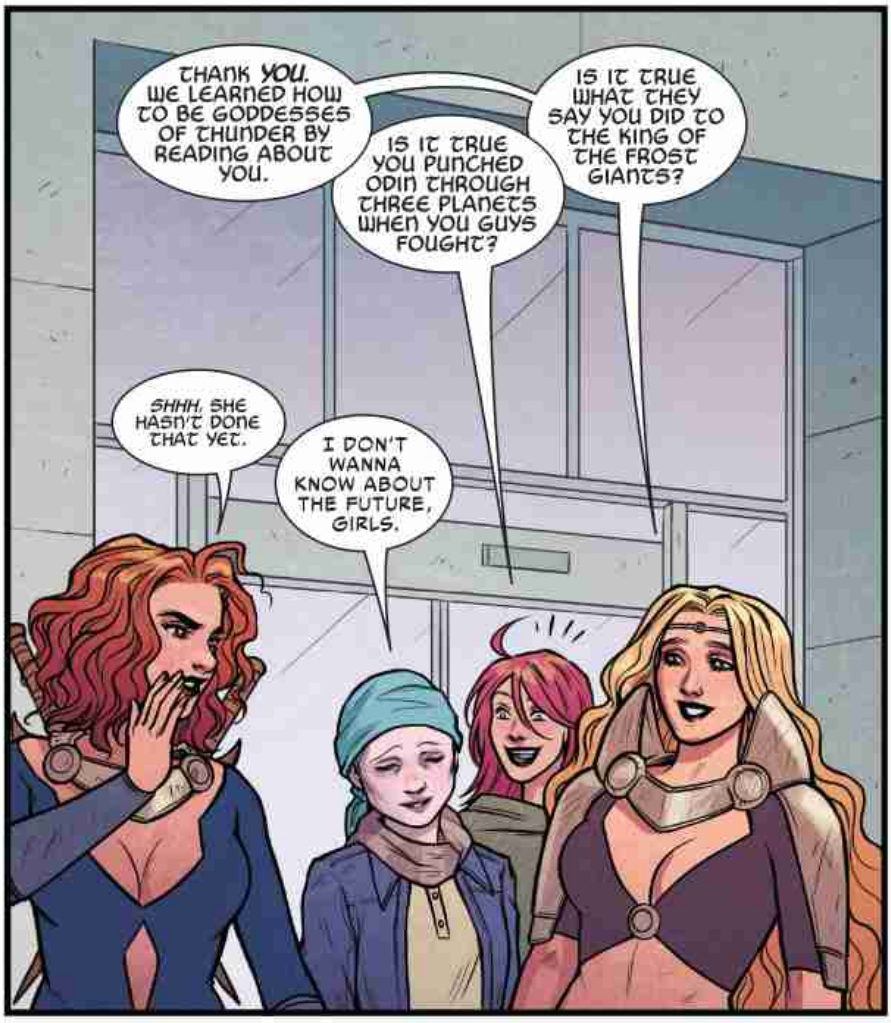
YOU WILL.

HAMMERS DON'T MAKE THE HERO. NOW *AXES*, ON THE OTHER HAND...
YOU'LL GO INSIDE AND FIGHT THIS BATTLE THE SAME WAY YOU FOUGHT THE MANGOG.
NO, LADY JANE, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAME BACK TO THE WRONG TIME AT ALL.

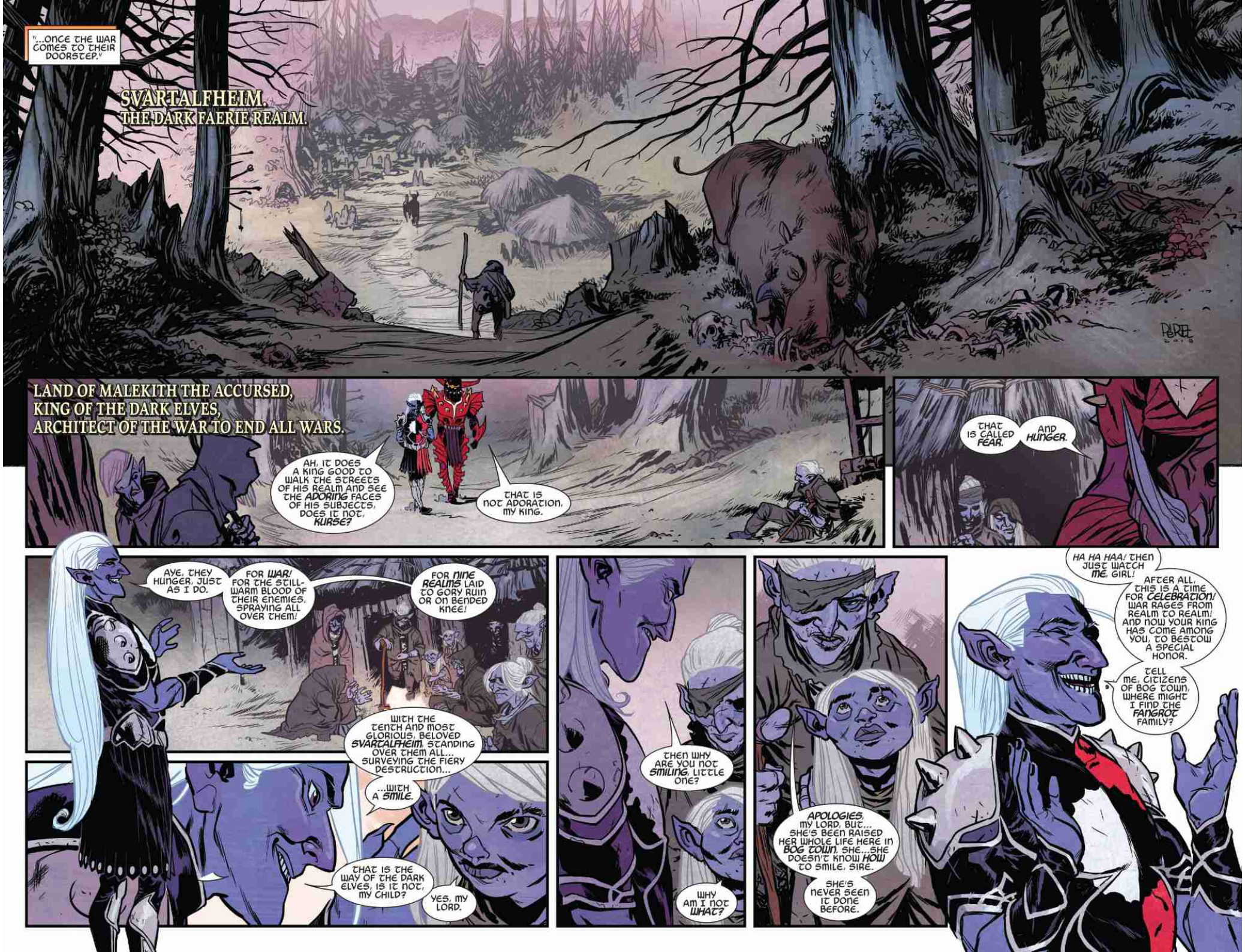
I THINK YOU'RE *EXACTLY* THE WOMAN WE WANTED TO MEET.
THANK YOU, LADIES.


THANK *YOU*. WE LEARNED HOW TO BE GODDESSES OF THUNDER BY READING ABOUT YOU.
IS IT TRUE YOU PUNCHED ODIN THROUGH THREE PLANETS WHEN YOU GUYS FOUGHT?
IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY YOU DID TO THE KING OF THE FROST GIANTS?
SHHH, SHE HASN'T DONE THAT YET.
I DON'T WANNA KNOW ABOUT THE FUTURE, GIRLS.

I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH *TODAY*.
BUT BEFORE I TAKE THIS NEXT STEP, HOW ABOUT YOU THUNDER GODDESSES DO ME JUST *ONE* LITTLE FAVOR?

"YOU NAME IT, AND IT WOULD BE OUR HONOR.
"MIGHTY THOR."

SHE STILL HAD THE THUNDER IN HER VEINS. COULD YOU HEAR IT?
I CAN STILL HEAR IT.
I THINK THAT'S GRANDFATHER SNORING.
SHE WAS EVERYTHING I EXPECTED AND MORE.
+SIGH+ I MISS HER ALREADY.
I MISS THE TROLLS.
I JUST WISH WE COULD'VE TOLD HER. ABOUT WHAT'S COMING. ABOUT THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
YOU KNOW WE COULDN'T. ESPECIALLY GIVEN THE ROLE SHE'LL PLAY IN IT. NO, I'M AFRAID JANE FOSTER WILL HAVE TO LEARN JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE...


"...ONCE THE WAR COMES TO THEIR DOORSTEP."
SVARTALFHEIM.
THE DARK FAERIE REALM.
LAND OF MALEKITH THE ACCURSED,
KING OF THE DARK ELVES,
ARCHITECT OF THE WAR TO END ALL WARS.
AH, IT DOES A KING GOOD TO WALK THE STREETS OF HIS REALM AND SEE THE ADORING FACES OF HIS SUBJECTS, DOES IT NOT, KURSE?
THAT IS NOT ADORATION, MY KING.
THAT IS CALLED FEAR.
AND HUNGER.
AYE, THEY HUNGER, JUST AS I DO.
FOR WAR! FOR THE STILL-WARM BLOOD OF THEIR ENEMIES, SPRAYING ALL OVER THEM!
FOR NINE REALMS LAID TO GORY RUIN OR ON BENDED KNEE!
WITH THE TENTH AND MOST GLORIOUS, BELOVED SVARTALFHEIM, STANDING OVER THEM ALL... SURVEYING THE FIERY DESTRUCTION...
...WITH A SMILE.
THAT IS THE WAY OF THE DARK ELVES, IS IT NOT, MY CHILD?
YES, MY LORD.
THEN WHY ARE YOU NOT SMILING, LITTLE ONE?
WHY AM I NOT WHAT?
APOLOGIES, MY LORD, BUT... SHE'S BEEN RAISED HER WHOLE LIFE HERE IN BOG TOWN. SHE...SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SMILE, SIRE.
SHE'S NEVER SEEN IT DONE BEFORE.
HA HA HAA! THEN JUST WATCH ME, GIRL!
AFTER ALL, THIS IS A TIME FOR CELEBRATION! WAR RAGES FROM REALM TO REALM! AND NOW YOUR KING HAS COME AMONG YOU, TO BESTOW A SPECIAL HONOR.
TELL ME, CITIZENS OF BOG TOWN, WHERE MIGHT I FIND THE FANGROT FAMILY?

MOTHER OF MAGGOTS SAVE US.
H-H-HERE, MY LORD.
AH YES, OF COURSE. WHAT A FINE-LOOKING LOT YOU ARE.
GREETINGS, FANGROTS! I BRING HAPPY NEWS OF YOUR ELDEST SON!
MY FIRSTBORN? HE'S ALIVE?
OH NO, HE'S QUITE DEAD. HE WAS KILLED RATHER GRUESOMELY JUST YESTERDAY IN NIDAVELLIR.
I SEE. A THOUSAND CURSES UPON THOSE WRETCHED DWARVES.
ACTUALLY, IT WASN'T DWARVES WHO KILLED HIM.
HE WAS INDEED FIGHTING DWARVES, MOST FEROCIOUSLY FROM ALL ACCOUNTS. IN FACT, HE RUTHLESSLY BUTCHERED SO MANY THAT YOUR SON BECAME MURDER-CRAZED, BLOOD-DRUNK!
TO THE POINT WHERE EVEN AFTER EVERY DWARF IN THE VICINITY HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY EVISCERATED, YOUR BLESSED BOY WAS STILL SO CONSUMED WITH WARRIOR MADNESS THAT HE TURNED UPON HIS FELLOW DARK ELF TROOPS.
HE HAD TO BE PUT DOWN LIKE A RABID DOG, BY HIS OWN BROTHERS!
HA! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? WHY, IF I HAD A THOUSAND SUCH KILLING MACHINES, THIS WAR WOULD BE WON ALREADY!
DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU BEAM WITH PRIDE, MOTHER FANGROT?
YES, MY LORD, I DEFINITELY FIND MYSELF OVERCOME...
...WITH PRIDE.
THEN TELL ME, MY DEAR LADY, WHAT BOON CAN YOUR KING GRANT YOU, IN THE NAME OF YOUR GLORIOUSLY BLOODTHIRSTY SON?

WELL...WE COULD DO WITH A BIT MORE FOOD, MY LORD.
YES, I'M SURE, BUT RATIONING IS HOW WE SUPPORT OUR TROOPS ABROAD, IS IT NOT?
YES, OF COURSE, MY LORD.
BRAVE TROOPS LIKE YOUNG MASTER FANGROT.

WE CAN'T REALLY SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOUR SON, THOUGH, CAN WE, BLISTERLICK FAMILY?
OUR... SON?
HE DIED MOST UNREMARKABLY, DIDN'T HE? SUCCUMBED TO DYSENTERY IN THE FORESTS OF VANAHEIM.
NEVER EVEN KILLED A SINGLE GOD. RATHER SHAMEFUL EFFORT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

YOU WANT FOOD, FANGROTS? IT'S LIVING RIGHT NEXT TO YOU.
EAT YOUR NEIGHBORS. WITH THE BLESSING OF THE KING.

VERNER? WE'VE BEEN YOUR NEIGHBORS FOR YEARS. YOU WOULDN'T...
COME, KURSE, LET'S LEAVE THE VILLAGERS TO THEIR SUPPER. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY, IS IT NOT?

A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A WAR!
ARRRRRRGGGHH!!!

AND THIS... THIS IS THE MAGNIFICENT CREATION THAT MAKES IT ALL POSSIBLE.
MY PORTAL TO THE REALMS. MY BLACK BIFROST.
AS POWERFUL A TESTAMENT TO DARK ELF INGENUITY AS ONE WILL EVER SEE.
AND TO LOKI, THE GOD OF LIES, AS WELL.

AFTER ALL, WAS HE WHO GAVE YOU THE SECRETS OF THE ASGARDIAN RAINBOW BRIDGE.
AND 'TWAS MALEKITH WHO RESCUED YOU FROM THE SPIDERS OF HEL.
YOU'D DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT, MY LADY, BEFORE NEXT YOU CHOOSE TO SPEAK.

YES, MY KING.
STAY HERE AND GUARD THE BIFROST FOR ME. AS USUAL, YOUR KING WILL ENJOY THE REST OF HIS MORNING STROLL...IN PEACE!

"THE PEACE THAT COMES FROM UNENDING WAR!"
NIDAVELLIR.
REALM OF THE DWARVES.
DROWN THEM IN THEIR CAVES WITH THEIR OWN BLOOD! DEATH TO THE DWARVES!
FOR SVARTALFHEIM!
FOR SVARTALFHEIM!
JOTUNHEIM.
REALM OF THE GIANTS.
HUSH, LITTLE MOUNTAIN GIANT. UNCLE MALEKITH HAS COME.
AND I PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER BE COLD AGAIN...

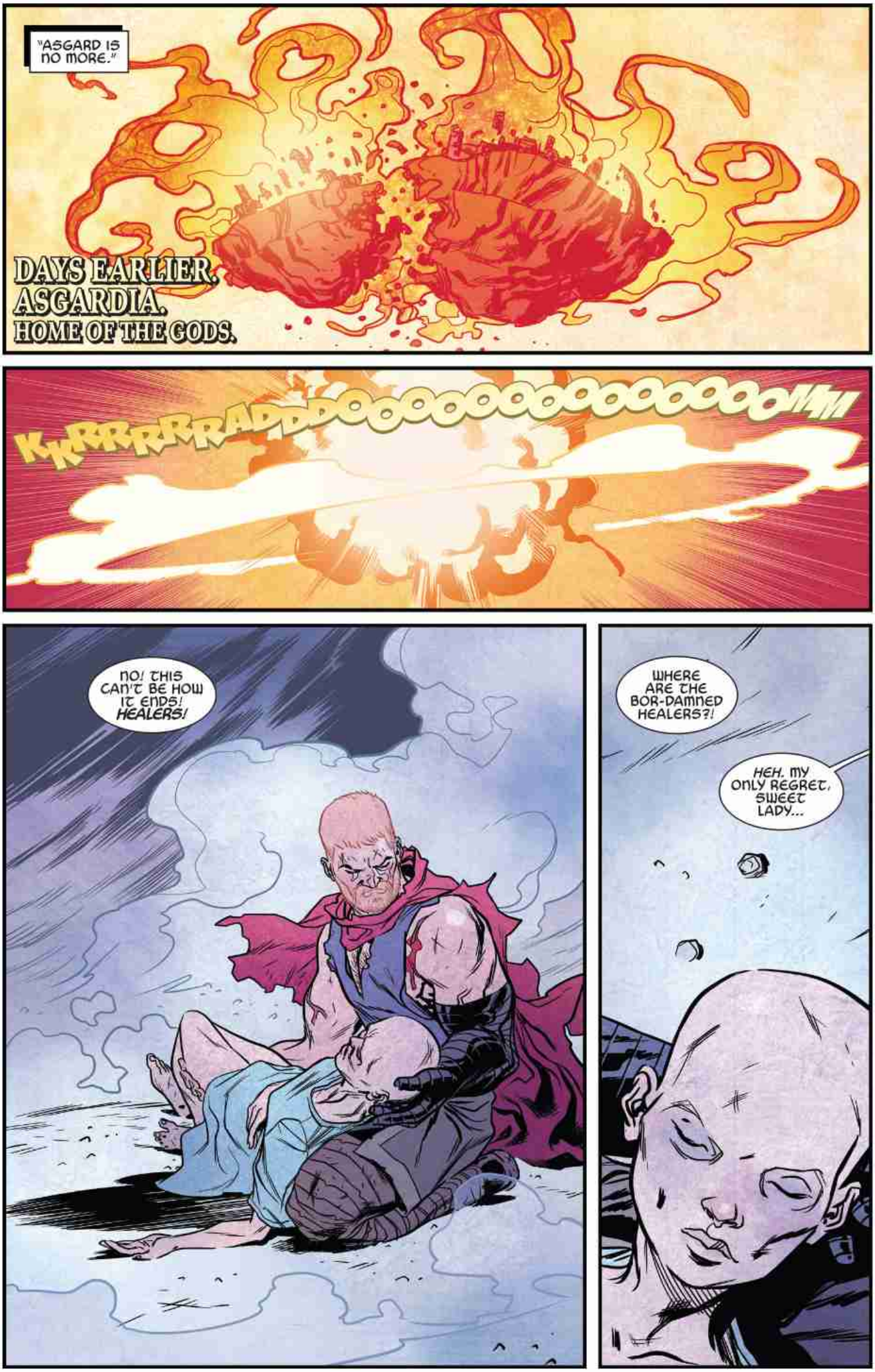
MUSPELHEIM.
REALM OF FIRE.
BAH! NO ELF CAN DRINK GOBLIN GROG AND LIVE. EVEN A SIP WILL BURN THROUGH YOUR GUTS LIKE ACID.
NEVER DOUBT THE FORTITUDE OF MY INTESTINES, SONS OF MUSPEL.
HERE'S TO WAR.
NIFFLEHEIM.
REALM OF THE DEAD.
BLARRRGGH!
HA. NOT BAD. FOR AN ELF.
NOW HELP HIM BURN THESE DEAD MEN, MY GOBLINS!
AND CLAIM THIS REALM FOR THE QUEEN OF CINDERS!

VANAHEIM.
REALM OF THE OLD GODS.
RRRRGGGH!!!
HOW GOES IT?
EH. YOU KNOW GODS. THEY CAN SURE BE STUBBORN.
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE RAVAGING THEIR HOMELAND.
PLATOONS 1 THROUGH 5, MOVE IN AND FIRE AT WILL! FOR ROXXON!
YOU APPEAR TO BE LOSING QUITE A LOT OF MEN.
I PREFER TO LOOK AT IT LIKE I'M TRADING THEM. FOR TREES. REALLY, REALLY BIG TREES.
THE LOGGING ALONE HAS MADE THIS QUITE A PROFITABLE LITTLE CONFLICT.
DON'T BE CRASS, DARIO AGGER, LORD OF ROXXON. THERE IS MORE TO WAR THAN MERE PROFITS.

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT, MALEKITH? YOU THINK I DON'T FEEL IT DEEP IN MY LOINS, EVERY TIME WE PUT A GOD IN THE GROUND?
I ONLY WISH IT WERE THOR. THANKS TO HER, I LOST ROXXON ISLAND AND HAD TO SPEND ALMOST AN ENTIRE HOUR IN JAIL.
YOU PROMISE ME YOU'VE GOT A PLAN FOR HER?
A VERY PAINFUL PLAN, I HOPE.
INDEED I DO. BUT FOR NOW YOUR FOCUS SHOULD REMAIN ON THE VANIR. THEY SEEM TO BE PUSHING THROUGH YOUR TROOPS.
YES, WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.
IF YOU WANT SOMETHING MURDERED RIGHT...

MURDER IT YOURSELF!!!

ALFHEIM.
REALM OF THE LIGHT ELVES.
WELL, WE'RE CERTAINLY IMPROVING THE VIEW AROUND HERE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, LIGHT ELVES?
IT'S THE LORD OF THE WILD HUNT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
HEVEN.
REALM OF THE ANGELS.
I DON'T REMEMBER INVITING YOU TO DINNER, KING OF THE ELVES.
AN INNOCENT OVERSIGHT, I'M SURE, DEAR QUEEN OF THE ANGELS.
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU TO PREPARE YOUR TROOPS TO JOIN THE WAR. FOR I HAVE FULFILLED MY END OF OUR BARGAIN.
YOUR GREATEST ENEMIES HAVE FALLEN.


"ASGARD IS NO MORE."
DAYS EARLIER.
ASGARDIA.
HOME OF THE GODS.
KYRRRRRRRRADDDOOO

...IS THAT I WASN'T THE ONE TO KILL YOU.

DO ENJOY VALHALLA, MY DEAR.
FOR A MOMENT, AT LEAST.

FOR SOON I'LL BE BURNING THAT AS WELL.

NOW.
MORTALS ARE SUCH... FASCINATING CREATURES, ARE THEY NOT?
COMPARED TO THE REST OF THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF THE TEN REALMS, MORTALS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN...
...WEAK LITTLE INFANTS WALLOWING IN THEIR OWN EXCREMENT.
YET SOMEHOW... THEY'RE STILL ARROGANT ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT THIS ALL REVOLVES AROUND THEM.
OH, JANE. YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED DEAD, YOU SILLY GIRL.
NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WATCH AS ALL THIS BURNS AROUND YOU.
THESE MORTALS LIKE TO THINK THEY ARE THE CENTER OF ALL THE REALMS?
HEH. THEN SO BE IT.

I WILL BRING THE REALMS TO THEM! ALL THE HORRORS I HAVE TO OFFER!
THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS COMING, YOU MEWLING MORTAL INFANTS!
WE'LL SEE YOU ALL VERY SOON!
HA HA HAA HA HAAAAA!
TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S THOR #1 AND NEXT YEAR'S WAR OF THE REALMS!

AND LO, THERE CAME THE... HAMMER GRAMS

SEND LETTERS TO MHEROES@MARVEL.COM.
DON'T FORGET TO MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

Quite a chilling final page, eh, readers? Our thanks to this comic's two amazing artists, Jen Bartel (check out her "Harry Potter meets Riverdale" Image series *Blackbird* this October, and find more of her work at jenbartel.com) and Ramón Pérez (who's teaming up with Chip Zdarsky on an upcoming arc of MARVEL 2-IN-ONE starring the Fantastic Four – be sure to pick up issues #7-10 and look for more of his work at ramonperez.com). Hopefully they'll both visit the Ten Realms again before too long. (While there's still a Ten Realms to visit!)

As we send this issue off to print, we're a week away from MIGHTY THOR #706 hitting the shelves. We at MIGHTY THOR Headquarters can't wait to see your reactions to Jane's return and the passing of the mantle back to Odinson. Lots of you wrote in with love and heartbreak for Jane's story. Here are a few of our favorites.

Dear THOR people,

Truth be told, it's rare for a comic to really hit you emotionally. There's great action, great storytelling – but it still takes a lot for a comic to be so incredibly impactful. THOR #705 is one of those rare gems. Not just the lead up, or the action – everyone knew how the story titled "The Death of the Mighty Thor" was going to end. Jane Foster had cancer and had an expiration tag on her from the moment she picked up the hammer. Yet this was powerful not just because they were killing a character (or killing a whole mess of characters). This story painfully examined the role God, or in this case demigods, play in our lives. We have a monster, Mangog, tearing down Asgardia, bringing about a Ragnarok that was actually going to stick for once! Among the battle, previous issues showed how Jane's mother died of cancer regretting she never exposed her child to faith. We see later Jane's father die, and later more painfully her ex-husband and child die in an accident. She asks where Thor was. Why he couldn't have stopped it.

My mother has been facing many health challenges, and I'd be blind if I didn't expect something at some point to go wrong. Where will God (the actual God) be when that happens?

I guess we all face such things in life. In my faith we believe we are privy to a little bit more beyond "things work in mysterious ways," as I know my mother will have life again with God, and that I'll see her again. But it doesn't make that initial question, where will God be when it happens and she dies, any easier.

Jane Foster stood up for the Gods who didn't answer her prayers, and saved them anyway. She died like expected, but what I didn't expect was how powerful the tale would be. I'm tearing up writing this, as it's stirred up so many emotions about death, God's role in our lives and everything else. Pretty good for just a comic book.

Erik Hollender
Revere, MA

Dear marvelous, brilliant MIGHTY THOR team,

After having to give them up for monetary reasons in my mid-teens, I recently started following the wonderful world of Marvel comics once more. I knew that the first thing I needed to do was to get right back into Thor – so in I went to my local comic store and grabbed MIGHTY THOR #700. After working that down and catching up a bit with some back issues of Aaron's run, I'm back to being just as hooked as I was at 15. Even though I hadn't seen any of Jane as Thor until reading #700, I immediately cared about her and her plight deeply. These past few issues have moved me to tears every time, and picking up THOR has returned to being one of the highlights of my month.

So thanks, Aaron and team, for doing my favorite hero justice, and may whoever picks up the reigns after you bring just as much amazement and wonder to this reactivated comic fan!

James
Aberdeen, Scotland

Dear Sarah, Jason & Russell,

Thank you so much for the whole Jane Foster/Thor saga, seeing a woman who was indeed worthy to lift a magic hammer. It's inspiring, but most of all, it shows to readers of all genders and latitudes anyone can be worthy. I'm gonna miss Jane Foster so much being the Goddess of Thunder. But think on this: The groundbreaking stories you just finished in these issues shall inspire a lot of girls and young women like Jane, who battle every day to be the best, to be worthy, and they'll remember a strong but sick woman commanded the Thunder for these years and will be always remembered and missed.

Thank you so much for the mighty Goddess of Thunder saga. Much appreciated. All the best from this side of the Americas, our own small Asgardian haven.

Gracias!

Philip Salazar Fajardo
Depto del Meta, Colombia

Dear MIGHTY THOR Team,

I've been reading comic books now for 40 years. I was fortunate to meet the most amazing woman ever eleven years ago, who has also been reading comic books since childhood. "The Death of the Mighty Thor" has compelled me to write to a comic book for the first time ever.

My wife, Carrie, has been fighting cancer for most of our eleven years together. It's gone into remission a few times but keeps coming back. She is currently at stage four with two tumors and cancer in her lymph nodes and intestines.

The way that your story arc has been presented with all of Dr. Jane Foster's strength, determination and grace under pressure is exactly the way my wife has fought cancer every time, always worried about me and our daughter and maintaining a positive attitude.

This story has brought us to tears, but I want to thank you for presenting it in such a real and courageous way. It is amazing and we are nervously awaiting #705.

Thank you,
Gerald Shea Jr.
Newman, CA

Okay, see you in a month, hammerheads, with THOR #1 – the start of a whole new tale of hammers and thunder and mead. You're gonna love what Jason's cooking up with new ongoing artist Mike del Mundo. Get your pull lists ready for June 13th!

NEXT:

ZONE